

A RED FIRE COMPANY.

IT STARTED OUT TO SHAKE THINGS UP IN JERICO.

Pap Perkins, the Postmaster, Tells How the Enthusiastic Organization Was Busted Up by One of Lish Billings' Pranks.

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The Jericho fire company, which consisted of 40 men, 10 pails, 2 axes and a ladder and all painted red except the ladders, is no more on earth. It was organized 13 years ago and never turned out to but one fire. Nobody had found any fault with it, however, up to two months ago, when Reube Holdfast came into the postoffice one day and says to me:

"Look here, Pap, this town of Jericho is dead as a doornail and unless something is done to rouse her the moss on our backs will be a foot long in another year."

"What kin you do?" says I.

"That's what I've bin thinkin' of for the last month. We can't get up dog fights nor horse races, and nobody will go in for a brass band or a camp meetin'. The only thing I kin think of is to resurrect the fire company and boom her for all she's worth. If we kin get things a-goin' red hot, Jericho will wake up and push to the front till Chicago won't be in it. I'm gittin' fingers together for a speech, Pap, and you jest lay low for three or four days, and you'll hear austin drop."

Before the week was out everybody in town knew that austin was up, and one evening Reube shot off his speech to the postoffice crowd and made a big hit. He had the number of fires and the losses in the United States for the last fifty years, and he showed how a fire company kept down taxes, reduced insurance and was the main-spring of liberty. He pictured the want of austin in Jericho in ashes for the want of austin to squirt out a conflagration, and when he went on to describe wild-



WEST WHOOPING DOWN THE ROAD. Gers lookin' into the embers for the cause of their husbands and husbands shovelin' over hot coals in search of the remains of wives and children—even Joe Truelove was seen to wipe a tear from his left eye. For once everybody seemed to be agree, and when Reube asked for foreman of the company nobody kicked. Before the meeting closed it was resolved to buy two more pails and another ladder and that the company should be uniformed.

Jericho woke right up. Real estate began to jump. Tom Bigelow put down six rods of new sidewalk, and Homer Lee repaired his barn and put new things on his gate. People who came over from Dobbs Ferry and witnessed the spirit of enterprise went home full of the town, and a lightning rod man said that the hustlin' reminded him of the early days of Kansas City and Denver. It wasn't a week before the Wilder Taylor's smokehouse got afire at midnight, and Peleg Scott rang the alarm bell in a way to turn the hull town bottom side up in five minutes. That fire company went at it in conflagration to conquer or die, and in 27 minutes the red-tongued flames of destruction had bin doused out, and Jericho was safe. In a little speech which followed the five square Danvers said that home in her pinkest days never equaled the occasion, and Philatus Johnson declared that the thanks of congress would be a poor reward for such heroism.

The day the firemen got their uniforms Jericho got up on her hind legs and howled. There was such excitement in the town that soft soap was allowed to boil over, bread was burned up in the arena, and most folks forgot to feed their hogs. Some idea of what sort of a royal jubilation it was kin be gathered from the fact that one grocery alone sold 16 lemons and 7 coconuts during the day. It was Reube Holdfast's idea that a fireman should always be on duty, and he advised every member of the company to wear a uniform day and night. When the thunderstorm came along, the fire bell rang, and the company turned out as the pike, which in passed another day. The Kaffirs take another weed and spoke that. They proceeded to arrange a smoking party, by squinting on the ground and getting ready their "pipe," a cow horn with a thin tube in it inserted half way down at right angles to the horn. The end of the tube is in a basin, and it is from it that the smoker sucks the strong stuff that makes him incapable of anything but a series of coughs and chokes for some time after he has had his turn as the pipe, which is passed around from man to man, until a perfect chorus of coughs rends the air.

The tobacco the Boers smoke looks like poor tea and is peculiar in flavor, yet Englishmen who have become used to it acquire a taste for it that they never ask for any other kind.—London Mail.

Relics of Former Ages. The big tree of California is unique in the world. It is the largest, oldest and most majestically graceful of all trees. It is the best living representative of a former geologic age. It has come down through the ages simply by reason of its superb power of defense against hostile conditions. The bark is sometimes as much as two feet thick and is almost noncombustible. The oldest specimens felled are still sound at the heart. Yet, with all its advantages, the big trees do not seem to have increased their range since the glacial epoch.—Washington Post.

Did It With a Slam. "I am willing to do anything," said the applicant for work.

"All right," said the hard hearted merchant. "Please close the door behind you when you go out."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Both Alike. Client (angrily): "This bill of yours is a downright robbery!" Great Criminal Lawyer (who has won his client's case)—So was your crime.

Cold Expands Them. A civil engineer who is in Alaska has written home to Chicago that the rails on the Chilkoot Pass railway expand with the cold instead of contracting, as they would be supposed to do. A temperature ranging from 12 degrees to 40 degrees below zero F. would not appreciably affect the length of rails, but severe cold than that would be attended with expansion. This is certainly an exception to a law of nature, although water shrinks as it cools until 39 degrees F. is reached, when it begins to expand.

Matrimony Leads to Crime. "I began the career of crime," said the famous criminal, "when I married the second time."

"Did your second wife lead you astray?" asked the sympathetic visitor. "Not so much as the first one. It was she who preferred the bigamy charge."—Stray Stories.

If a girl has a piano, it is dangerous to give her a bust of Mozart or a picture of Beethoven, for then the parlor is changed to "the music room."—Atchison Globe.

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VASTNESS OF ST. PETER'S.

Large Objects Appear Small in the Great Cathedral.

During a recent ceremony in St. Peter's, Rome, one of the crystal chandeliers suspended from the ceiling began to creak ominously, and the people beneath it hastily scattered. In a moment the mass fell and was dashed in to a thousand pieces on the floor below. In St. Peter's a few days before when the workmen were suspending these chandeliers they were taking them out of piles of numbered boxes, for St. Peter's, like a theater, has many "properties," and is decked in a different manner for its different ceremonies.

Cords run over pulleys fastened far up aloft, and with these the chandeliers were hoisted to their places. St. Peter's is so enormous that the crystals are continually deceived. The chubby cherubs at the holy water font look to be the size of ordinary babies yet they are nearly seven feet tall, and a man standing beside them looks like a dwarf. When the workmen were hoisting these chandeliers from the floor, a traveler noted with amazement that the masses of crystal were over eight feet high. Yet when hoisted to their places far up in the dim heights they looked about the size of a man's head.

Workmen in St. Peter's are called "sanpietrini." They take their name from the basaltic "San Pietro"—"san pietrino," plural "sanpietrini." They have a set of lofty scaffolds mounted on rollers. These they move from place to place about the vast church. They are not unlike our fire departments' water towers. Ladders after ladders run up the scaffolding, and by their aid they reach places from 100 to 150 feet above the floor. Other ingenious scaffolds are used for work on the inside of the dome. Seen there the "sanpietrini" look like flies crawling on the ceiling. The top of the dome is about 400 feet above the floor.—St. Louis Republic.

THE IRISH PEASANT.

He Is the Gayest Fellow in the World Under Duress.

The Irish peasant is still, thank heaven, what Sir Walter Scott called him after the visit of the great novelist to Ireland in the early thirties—he is still "the gayest fellow in the world under difficulties and afflictions." He has a cheerful way of regarding circumstances which to others would be most unpleasant and disheartening. A peasant met with an accident which resulted in a broken leg. The neighbors of course commiserated him. "Arrah," he remarked, with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye as he regarded the bandaged limb, "what a blessing it is that it wasn't my neck."

Yes, the irrepressible Irishman has a joke for every occasion. Two countrymen who had not seen each other for a long time just got a fair. They had a lot of things to tell each other. "Spoke it's married I am," said O'Brien. "You don't tell me so," said Blake. "Faith yes," said O'Brien. "An I've got a fine, healthy boy which the neighbors say is the very image of me." Blake looked for a moment at O'Brien, who was now to say the least, remarkable for his good looks, and then said, "Och, well, what's the harm so long as the child's healthy?" And yet a peasant to whom a witicism thus spontaneously springs may be very simple minded.

The peasants' passion for rhetoric still induces them to commit to memory imposing possibilities which they often misapply, with the most amusing and grotesque results. I heard a nurse-maid exclaim at a crying child in her arms. "Well, all of the ecclesiastical children ever born, you're wan of them." A landlord in the south of Ireland recently received a letter from a tenant in the following terms:

Yer Honor—Hearin' this finds you in good health, as it laves me at present, your buildin' Bill has assassinated me poor doddle.

—Nineteenth Century.

Kills the Song. Clifton Bingham, the author of "In Old Madrid," "Love's Old Sweet Song" and "The Dear Homeland," once said: "The moment a song is put 'on the streets,' as we call it, it becomes tremendously popular. You hear it everywhere. Every boy hums it as he goes to school. It is played in every street. But my publisher shakes his head and says that when that day comes. It is general by the beginning of the end—a boom which drowns away. People get tired of hearing the same song wherever they go. Whatever the song may be, and the song of the barbers' shop is not welcome in the drawing room. So that the putting of a song on the street or organ means a fleeting fame, and then—well, too often an utter relapse and complete oblivion."

Fatal Brevity. There is a little settlement of New Hampshire people in Kiowa county, Colo. Among other things they brought with them the New Hampshire aversion to using any more words in conversation than are absolutely necessary. Two of them met on the road recently and indulged in the following dialogue:

"Mornin', Si."

"Mornin', Josh."

"What'd you give your horse for boots?"

"Turpentine."

"Mornin'."

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That Low Animal, Man.

Instead of the highest, man is in some respects the lowest of the animal kingdom. Man is the most unchaste, the most drunken, the most egotistic, the most miserly, the most hypocritical and the most atrocious of profane creatures. No animal, except man, kills for the mere sake of killing. For one being to take the life of another for purposes of selfish utility is bad enough, conscience knows, but the indiscriminate massacre of defenseless victims by armed and organized packs, just for pastime, is beyond characterization. The human species is the only species of animals that plunges to such depths of atrocity. Even vipers and hyenas do not kill for recreation.

No animal, except man, habitually seeks wealth purely out of an insane impulse to accumulate, and no animal, except man, gloats over accumulations that are of no possible use to him, that are an injury and an abomination and in whose acquisition he has committed irreparable crimes upon others. There are no millions of professional beggars, no millions of kleptomaniacs—among the birds and quadrupeds. No animal except man spends so large a part of his energies striving for superiority—no superiority in usefulness, but that superiority which consists in simply getting on the heads of one's fellows to crow—and no animal practices common, ordinary morality to the beings of the world in which he lives so little, compared with the amount he preaches it, as man.—Hunante Review.

The Production of Caviare.

Two distinct varieties of caviare are manufactured in Russia—the granulated and the pressed forms. The granulated form is obtained by passing the fish roes under pressure through a fine meshed sieve. The small eggs pass intact, but the envelopes are retained in the sieve. These pure salt is added in the proportion of one-twentieth or one-fortieth. It is intimately mixed with the eggs by means of a kind of wooden spoon. The caviare is then ready for consumption. It is packed in round metallic boxes of one and a half to five pounds and employed in parchment for transportation. The pressed caviare keeps better than the granulated form.

To obtain it the fresh caviare is treated with a solution of salt at 25 degrees Baume until the eggs acquire a certain degree of hardness. This operation requires considerable skill and experience. If it is followed by the so called "too long," the caviare will be too salty, and if not long enough the eggs cannot be preserved. The caviare is then put into small sacks, which are pressed under a screw press to drive out the excess of salt. It is packed in barrels containing up to 1,000 pounds or left in the original sacks, which measure 8 by 20 inches. The average export of pressed caviare for the three years 1896 to 1898 has been more than 3,000 tons, representing a value of \$1,400,000.—Scientific American.

Turkish Police Justice.

A trifling dispute between a Kurd and an Armenian on a street in Constantinople the other day led to an amusing instance of justice as it is dispensed by the Turkish police.

A tobacco box was found on the pavement, as alleged, by a Kurd. An Armenian claimed the box as his own. Neither would give in, and the dispute waxed warm. From words they were near coming to blows when a policeman came up, but he did not decide the question of ownership.

At last the Armenian suggested that the policeman ask what was in the box. "Tobacco and cigarette paper," said the Kurd promptly. "The box contains nothing but 10 piasters," said the Armenian, sniffling. The officer opened the box and, finding the Armenian was right, settled the dispute by giving him the box.

"The Armenian is the owner of the box," he said. "The Kurd is a liar." Here he smote the Kurd over the head in deciding this complicated affair I will keep the 10 piasters."

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DEATH AT A WEDDING.

A Pathetic Tragedy of the War Between the States.

Recalling the historic incidents clustering about South Carolina's executive mansion, Mr. Thaddeus Horton writes in The Ladies' Home Journal of the shocking tragedy that occurred there toward the close of the war. This was the death of the daughter of Governor Pickens immediately after her marriage to Lieutenant Le Rochele. "On the afternoon preceding the evening of the marriage the northern army began shelling Charleston, but preparations for the wedding continued."

"Finally the guests were all assembled, and the ceremony was proceeding with the solemn ceremony and had just begun when suddenly there was an awful crash, and a ball from the enemy's cannon penetrated the mansion and burst in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death dealing missiles in every direction. There were screams and a heartrended groan, mirrors crashed, the house shook, women fainted and walls rocked to and fro.

"When the first confusion was over, it was discovered that in all the crowd only one person was injured, and that was the bride herself. She lay partly on the floor and partly in her lover's arms, crushed and bleeding pale, but very beautiful, her bridal gown drenched with warm blood and a great cut in her breast."

"Lying on a lounge, the frantic bridegroom besought her by every term of tenderness and endearment to allow the ceremony to proceed, to which she weakly gave consent, and, lying like a crushed flower no less white than the camellias of her bridal bouquet, her breath coming in short gasps and the blood flowing from this great, angry wound, she murmured 'yes' to the clergyman and received her husband's first kiss. A moment more and all was over.

"She was laid to rest under the magnolia, and the heartbroken bridegroom, reckless with despair, returned to his regiment."

CHEAP SPONGES.

Where These Sold by the Street Fakirs Are Procured.

Sponges sold by the street fakirs are rather captivating in appearance, large and almost white, and the price ranges from 5 to 10 cents each. People who have bought sponges at a drug store know that no such looking articles can be got there for so little money, and they invest. But they don't invest more than once, because the sponge soon falls to pieces, whereas a good sponge will last for years.

Sombody started a story years ago that the reason the fakirs could sell these sponges so cheaply was because they bought them from the hospitals, and there are some people who still believe it. As if men devoting all their energies and skill to ameliorating the ills of mankind would spread disease by distributing old and possibly even infected sponges. As a matter of fact surgeons' sponges are small and absorbent as velvet, being close grained.

The fakirs' sponges are the clippings off the big sponges sold to livermen and others who need large sponges. The parts cut away have little body and would soon tear loose. The fakirs buy these bits, trim them into shape and then give them a bath in diluted muriatic acid. After lying there for 12 hours they are taken out and washed in clear water and dried. They are bleached in such words, but at still further detriment to the sponge. New or close texture, the mesh is made more rotten by the acid, and that is why they soon fall apart. But so far as disease is concerned they are as pure as any sponge bought in the finest drug store.—Chicago Tribune.

The Young Men of Today.

The young men of today are too finicky, too much given to self analysis, too self pampering. Their shoes and neckties cost more each year than did the entire wardrobe of their grandfathers. They feel a sense of degradation in small beginnings and plodding, and they wait for success ready made to come to them. There is not a young man in the country who would imitate Ben Franklin and march through the streets munching a loaf of bread while looking for employment. He dare not, because society has become almost finicky, and he would be arrested as a tramp. The young man of today wants capital. He cannot be president of a bank or judge of a court the first week he is from school, and he feels, like the famous Bill Pussley, that he has "no chance."—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Exhibit Life-like Qualities.

Weeds if they are pulled out of a lawn at a time when they are full of seed will give the desired effect. For the seeds, which is almost touching. They will curl their leaves upward as far as each can go to cover the seeds and protect them from the sun till the end, and often one will find weeds that are quite dead, sun killed, whose leaves still are wrapped firmly around the seed pods. No mother could show more striking devotion in death than do these despised plants.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Faithful Likeness.

Artist—Here is the portrait of your wife which—

Mr. Richman—Ah! It's very like her. Artist—She—er—h'm—she didn't pay for it. She said you'd do that.

Mr. Richman—Ah! Still more like her.—Philadelphia Press.

Few things are impossible in themselves. It is not so much means as perseverance that is wanting to bring them to a successful issue.

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THE PRODUCERS OF GOLD

Several Mining Deals In Calaveras.

WATER POWER TO BE USED AT THE GWIN MINE

The Blue Bird Mine May Prove to Be a Big Strike.—A New Company.

CALAVERAS COUNTY.

Chronicle: John J. McSorley, the mining promoter, made three mining deals this week—the Sunrise, Thompson and Emerson quartz mines which were bonded to different parties. The two former are in Railroad Flat district and the latter in this district about a mile from this town. The Sunrise was bonded to C. B. Weatherwax of Washington, D. C., for nine months for \$8000, \$5000 of which amount was paid upon the signing of the papers. A new hoist is to be erected immediately on this property, machinery is on the way from San Francisco and work will be pushed diligently. The Sunrise is a most promising prospect and will no doubt render a good account of itself in the near future.

The Thompson mine is situated upon the property of C. W. Thompson at Railroad Flat. It was bonded to a Milwaukee company for sixty days for \$6000. According to the terms of the bond work must be commenced upon this property within forty-five days.

The Emerson mine was bonded for eighteen months for \$8500, payments to be made by installments and work must be commenced within forty-five days. This property is owned by Geo. Emerson and is known to everyone in this district as a good property. It has a fine, large ledge and with proper development this property will prove itself a merit.

At the North Star gravel mine in Happy Valley, work was resumed this week and the 1700 foot tunnel will be retimbered in places and everything put in readiness to begin work on a large scale. This property was closed down during the summer on account of the shortage of water but now this obstacle is removed and there is nothing to hinder the prosecution of work as soon as this preliminary work is finished.

The Gwin mine is dropping a full complement of eighty stamps and water power is again being used instead of steam.

Work was resumed at the Hexter mine at the head of Jackass Gulch this week. About eighty men are at present at work. The tunnel will be repaired in such places as may be needed and as soon as this is completed the lower tunnel, which is now in about 1400 feet, will be driven ahead. The work is under the supervision of Superintendent Jones. The object of this tunnel is to tap and drain the immense Stockton Hill gravel channel.

TUOLUMNE COUNTY

New Era: Louis Barrone, who bought the extension of the Blue Bird from Dodson & Johnson, has a force driving a crosscut tunnel to tap the vein and this will be effected in a few days.

There is no doubt but what the Blue Bird, owned by Gloster & Company, is one of the greatest finds in recent years. Jim Gloster, the discoverer, and who also has opened up a number of famous properties, firmly believes it will prove a big strike, and experience has shown that his judgment on a quartz proposition is worth heeding. The vein has been driven on for 75 feet and has steadily improved in strength and values. In the face of the tunnel yesterday there were 4 feet of solid quartz, with 6 feet more of vein matter between walls, all carrying good percentages of free gold and sulphur. Assays from the latter made two weeks ago by the Selby's gave returns of \$217.50 per ton, while in free gold the entire 4 feet of solid quartz is good for \$23 per ton easy. The other vein matter all prospects well. It is understood that a Company is trying to secure control of the Blue Bird, and negotiations looking to the transfer of the mine at a big figure are now pending.

Articles of incorporation of the Williams Gold Mining Company were filed in the County Clerk's office last Saturday, with Wm. Nolden, M. Ruebold, and Frank E. Cordes of San Francisco, and Geo. Stayton and Jas. L. Gleason, of Jacksonville, as the first Board of Directors. Capital stock, \$150,000. Actually subscribed, \$50.

A Picnic.

There was an enjoyable picnic Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1900, at the Experiment Station, attended by a jolly party of young people. The party consisted of the following: Jane Hamilton, Robb Adams, Rachel Breese, Pearl Freeman, Evelyn Rust, Phillipa and Willis Folger, Willie and Amy Tuson, Dana Rice, Jessie Hammack, Josephine Casella, Eddie Delahide, Grace and Georgie Folger.

Cylinder Exploded.

On Tuesday of last week, one of the cylinder heads of the engine on the Dredger at work on the Holman & Green property, four miles from Lancha Plana, blew out causing great commotion for a few moments. Fortunately no one was injured. The accident will delay the work for several weeks.

Have Sold Out.

Mrs. Emma Stocken and her sister, Miss Rose Schuchok, formerly proprietors of the Globe Restaurant of Volcano, took their departure Tuesday, Nov. 6, and will reside in Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lucot will have charge of the Restaurant.

In Memoriam.

To the Worshipful Master, Officers and Members of Amador Lodge No. 65, F. and A. M., of Jackson, California.

We, Your Committee, appointed to draft resolutions in memory of our late and departed brother, Robert John Adams, respectfully submit the following:

That whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Grand Master of the Universe to prematurely remove from our midst our beloved brother, Robert John Adams, from the active duties of life and has called him to that Celestial Lodge on high, there to receive the reward of a well spent life;

And whereas, While in life our esteemed brother over proved himself a true friend to all with whom he came in contact in business, social and fraternal life and an honorable and efficient member of our craft.

Therefore be it resolved, That in the death of Robert John Adams, our Lodge has lost a consistent and most zealous member, the community an esteemed and respected citizen and his widowed wife and family a dutiful, loving and faithful husband and a devoted father.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved widow and children of our esteemed brother and as a further expression of our sorrow; Be it resolved, That the Charter, Jewels and Lodge Room be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days; Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be sent to the widowed wife and family of our deceased brother, by the Secretary of this Lodge, under the seal of this Lodge; also a copy to the Amador LEDGER and Amador Dispatch for publication and said preamble and resolutions be spread upon the minute book of our Lodge.

All of which is respectfully submitted in F. and A. M.

D. B. SPAGNOLI,
WALLACE KAY,
JAMES E. DYE,
Committees.

Dated, October, 24, 1900.

Killed at Lone.

About 10 o'clock Tuesday morning a fatal accident occurred at the depot at Lone, Charles Heryford aged about 20 years, being the unfortunate victim.

It appears that a carload of 16x16 timbers were to be unloaded and Charles Heryford was among the crew employed for that work. He was standing between the car and a large pile of timbers that stood close to the track. He was told by his fellow workman to go to the other side of the car where there was less danger, but did not heed the advice. In preparing to unload the car of large timbers, the end of one swung around. Heryford's head was caught between the end of the timber and the lumber pile, crushing his head to a pulp. Blood and brain matter were strewn around for several feet.

But a short time ago the deceased was called from Nevada, as his brother who had received serious injuries by falling lumber at the same place, was not expected to live.

The young man improved and finally got well. His brother secured his place at the depot, where he worked to the time of his death.

A few months ago an older brother was killed by falling from a railroad bridge.

The heartfelt sympathy of the community is extended to the surviving members of the family.

Anderson-Ball Nuptials.

On Wednesday evening of this week Mr. E. Anderson of Forest Home, and Miss Lillie Ball of Rich Bar, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ball at Rich Bar on the Cosumnes river. At 10 o'clock, attended by Miss Hattie Sallee and Mr. Amos Ball, brother of the bride, the contracting parties vowed to take each other for better or for worse before Rev. Hadricks of the Free Methodist church of Plymouth.

As the sweet strains of the wedding march died away the young couple took a position under a floral arch from the center of which was suspended a ball of Nature's beauties.

After the ceremony congratulations were received from the friends and relatives present. The party then did justice to a sumptuous wedding dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Anderson will spend their honeymoon partially in San Francisco.

Hon. A. Caminetti went below Sunday.

J. R. Tregloan was in town yesterday.

E. A. Freeman went below the first of the week.

Good thread at 2 cents a spool at the Red Front Clearance Sale. 10-16-tf

Mr. and Mrs. A. Goldner went to Sacramento Tuesday morning.

Soused pig's feet at Caminetti's Central Market. Oct. 19-lmo.

Mrs. C. W. Freeman and Mrs. R. L. Mann attended the funeral of the late Charles Heryford at Lone yesterday.

Men's good dress shoes at \$1.00 at the Red Front Clearance Sale. 10-16-tf

Mr. Porter, of the firm of Porter & Cheney, was a passenger for the city from Sutter Creek last Sunday.

PIONEER FLOUR always has been and still is the best. 4-6-tf

Henry Holtz left for San Francisco where he will receive medical treatment this week.

Last Saturday evening after the ratification meeting a dance was had in Love Hall. It was well attended and a good time was had.

You can always get strictly first-class fresh fish the year round at A. B. Caminetti's Central Market. 6-8-tf

St. Augustine's Mission Court street. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m. Sunday next. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Wm. Tuson, Rector.

Large Eastern oysters on shell, or cooked in any style, at Mayer's Candy Factory. Nov. 2-3c

An Election Bet.

Last Sunday afternoon a peculiar bet was paid. Some time previous to the recent election, Pete Senney was confident that the free silver advocate would be chosen as the next occupant of the White House at Washington, while Gill Boon of the Globe Hotel, had a decidedly different view of the result.

While the two were in conversation on the chances of the candidates one day, the bet was made that if Bryan came off victor Boon should give Senney a ride in a wheelbarrow for a stated distance, and vice versa, the loser to wear a band of crepe around his hat.

Instead of a wheelbarrow, however, a cart was used. The cart was handsomely decorated with red, white and blue bunting. At the rear of the cart was a picture of Bryan reversed, while in front was a picture of McKinley. On Sunday afternoon shortly after 2 o'clock, the cart was brought to the Globe Hotel, to await the pleasure of Mr. Boon. In a short time Mr. Boon appeared with a silk hat, around which was a band of bunting of the national colors. He got into the vehicle and was comfortably seated on a chair. Senney had secured six boys to draw the cart, while he directed its course from behind.

The Jackson Band was in attendance and led the procession from the Globe Hotel to the bridge on North Main street, down to the National Hotel and then back to the Globe.

Fully a thousand people witnessed the event and cheered and threw bouquets at the winner of the bet.

Taken Suddenly Ill.

Tuesday evening L. A. Kent had an experience which it is not likely he will soon forget. He was at the supper table in his residence on Broadway, and had just placed a slice of tomato into his mouth; but the tomato tasted somewhat bitter he arose from the table and went to the door to eject the tomato from his mouth. While in the act of doing this he became dizzy and could not open his mouth. Suddenly he was overcome by faintness and fell to the floor unconscious. Doctors Call and Endicott were summoned and after an hour's work had their patient out of danger. The peculiar illness was declared to have been an unusually strong attack of biliousness, and had not medical assistance been immediately rendered the result might have been fatal.

Mr. Kent received slight bruises around the face from the fall, but was all right in a few hours.

New Officers.

Last Monday evening the Jackson Fire Company met and elected the following officers and committees:

President, Hon. R. C. Rust; Vice President, Will A. Newcum; Secretary, Wm. Going; Treasurer, M. Newman; Warden, F. W. Parker; Stewards, W. Tam, Dr. C. A. Herrick, B. F. Taylor; Chief Engineer, H. C. Garbarini; Foreman, J. S. Garbarini; Committee on membership, M. Newman, W. A. Knapp, L. J. Fontenrose; Committee on plans for new fire house, Will A. Newcum, Dr. C. A. Herrick, B. F. Taylor.

Jackson Fire Company.

As will be seen by reference to the LEDGER's news columns the Jackson Fire Company has appointed a membership committee. This is because the active members of the Company believe that a Fire Company in this town should have at least 200 members paying 25 cents per month each. It is now proposed to build a fire house and as that will cost some money the Company proposes to give a fireman's ball about New Year's, and a play or two at some time yet to be fixed.

Tomorrow Evening.

A. J. Waterhouse of San Francisco, who has been identified with the most classical and also humorous articles that have appeared in the San Francisco Examiner, will entertain in Love Hall tomorrow evening. Mr. Waterhouse will render some of his own productions. He is a poet, journalist and humorist of some note. This will be the second entertainment of the Star Course.

Total Vote of County on Amendments.

Amendment No. 8 (To exempt churches from taxation) For 398. Against 658.
Amendment No. 23 (Relating to Stanford University) For 945. Against 527.
Amendment No. 14 (To exempt the Cal. School of Mechanical Arts from taxation) For 757. Against 531.
Amendment No. 14 (To exempt certain bonds from taxation) For 532. Against 599.
Amendment No. 4 (Concerning primary election) For 560. Against 487.
Amendment No. 9 (Relating to the compensation of supreme and superior court judges) For 349. Against 676.
Amendment No. 15 (Relating to revenue and taxation) For 451. Against 512.
Amendment No. 22 (Relating to the judiciary and establishing courts of appeal) For 393. Against 565.

Jackson vs Lone.

The baseball game between the Jackson and Lone teams, at Pullen's Grove last Sunday, resulted in a tie at the end of the eleventh inning. As it became dark the game was stopped with an even score of 23.

Batteries: Jackson—Fortner and Delahide; Lone—Scott, Palmer and French.

Banquet to Republicans.

Congressman-elect Sam D. Woods, and the successful Republican candidates of this county, were banqueted at Marro's Hotel last Saturday evening. It was an elaborate affair, and besides being enjoyed by the elected candidates, was also indulged in by several of our prominent Republicans.

Judge John F. Davis spent Monday in San Francisco and on the following day intended to go to Trinity county on business connected with mining interests he and others of Amador county have there.

The church people of Sutter Creek wish to return many thanks to St. Augustine's surplice choir for the amiable way in which they assisted in the services of the church held last Sunday in Native Son's Hall.

Just received 1000 gallons of olives. Call and see them at Caminetti's Central Market. Oct. 19-lmo.

The best calico, 25 yards for \$1.00, at the Red Front Clearance Sale. 10-16-tf

Pioneer Flour is the "Lily of the Valley," the "Pearl of Perfection." *

THE RATIFICATION MEETING

An Enormous Assemblage of People.

POWDER, TORCHES, TIN HORNS AND ROOSTERS

The Largest Ratification Meeting Held In Jackson for Several Campaigns.

Under the auspices of the Jackson Republican Club a rousing ratification meeting was held here last Saturday evening. It was at first announced that the exercises would be rendered in Webb Hall, but some of our foremost Republicans predicted an unusually large assemblage and in consequence the hall meeting was given up and a platform constructed in front of the Bank of Amador County.

Quite early in the evening Main street was thronged with people. Every town in the county was represented, and even ranchers and cattlemen who live some thirty miles in the mountains, came down to enjoy the occasion. About 8 o'clock the streets of Jackson were in the possession of between 3000 and 4000 people, all bent upon doing honor to the successful candidates of the Republican party.

At 8 o'clock the Jackson Band led the way to North Main street where the procession was formed. Torches and tin horns were distributed and about two hundred roosters, that were brought here for the occasion by Sheriff Cunningham of San Joaquin county, decorated the hats of men in the ranks.

At the head of the procession was the Jackson Band, while the Plymouth Band had a place near the center. Congressman-elect S. D. Woods, who came here for the express purpose of rendering in person his heartfelt thanks to the people of this county who so ably supported him in his late campaign, and Assemblyman-elect Fred L. Stewart occupied a carriage in the procession. They each had a horn and made good use of them during the evening.

Amid the music of the bands, the shouting of men and children, and the deafening sound of the horns, the double line of nearly a thousand ardent supporters of the Administration began their march down Main street, up Court street, back on Water street, up Broadway, countermarching to the place of starting on North Main street and back to the platform.

Cheer after cheer went up as President C. A. Herrick of the Jackson Republican Club called the meeting to order, and introduced ex-Senator E. C. Voorheis, Chairman of the Republican County Central Committee, as the permanent chairman. After a few pleasing remarks, Chairman Voorheis introduced Congressman-elect S. D. Woods. Hon. Woods spoke but a short time, but in those few minutes he feelingly tendered his thanks to the people of the mountain counties for their noble support on election day.

The strong ties, founded on the almost unparalleled character, the sound judgment and the sincerity of the man, that bind the people of the mountains to Hon. S. D. Woods, were made doubly strong on Saturday night. The confidence of the people has been placed in him, and never will there be occasion to regret his election.

Thos. Cunningham, who for 27 years was Sheriff of San Joaquin county, and who has accompanied Hon. Woods through this campaign, was next called upon for a speech, and made a few pointed and witty remarks.

Hon. Fred L. Stewart was then introduced and heartily thanked the people for their support. His remarks were accepted with deafening applause.

Alexander Brown of Milton, Calaveras county, who assisted in the nomination of S. D. Woods at Santa Cruz, for Congressman of the Second District, gave an interesting talk on the result of the election.

John R. Tregloan, of Amador City, was then introduced. Chairman Voorheis announced that Mr. Tregloan would give a toast to the ladies, and he toasted them, too. All the eloquence in him burst from his lips when he said "God bless the ladies."

William Tam, the only Republican candidate in this county that was defeated, was then given the floor, and he paid M. Newman, his successful opponent for the Supervisorship in Township One, a handsome tribute. There was no feeling of hatred, nor rupture of the friendship that has existed between the two men. Mr. Tam gave the citizens of this township advice that they should follow.

Then came Wesley M. Amick the successful candidate for Supervisor in Township Two. His speech was short but sweet.

It remained for Senator John F. Davis to put a climax on the affair, and he did so. His address was rendered with his usual flow of eloquence, and it gave him a splendid chance to stick pins, so to speak, into Democracy till she squealed.

During the time taken up by the speakers the Jackson and Plymouth Bands discoursed national tunes.

Democrats with whom "things went wrong," were silent and looked on with sorrowful faces.

What Is Shiloh?

A grand old Remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption; used through the world for half a century, has cured innumerable cases of inefficient consumption and relieved many in advanced stages. If you are not satisfied with the results we will refund your money. Price, 25c. 50c and \$1. For sale by A. Goldner the Druggist.

Just received 1000 gallons of olives. Call and see them at Caminetti's Central Market. Oct. 19-lmo.

The best calico, 25 yards for \$1.00, at the Red Front Clearance Sale. 10-16-tf

Pioneer Flour is the "Lily of the Valley," the "Pearl of Perfection." *

Trial of S. A. Marchant.

The trial of S. A. Marchant in the Superior Court on Monday and Tuesday of this week resulted in the jury disagreeing, after being out from 3:15 until 9 o'clock p. m., and the Judge set a new trial for Nov. 26th. Chas. H. Crocker was Marchant's attorney and brought the conflicting evidence, he had secured, to bear with great force upon the case.

The following is a synopsis of the case: On the night of August 3d, Nick Gardella, went to bed in a sleeping house near the Kennedy mine, occupied by several miners, with a purse containing seven twenty dollar gold pieces and one five dollar gold piece, which, when he retired he had in the pocket of his shirt. During the night he had occasion to get up, returning to bed again. In the morning he went to work in the Kennedy mine, and after working about an hour, discovered that the money was missing. He came to town and had Marchant arrested, but was unable to give any direct reasons why he suspected Marchant.

Marchant tells the following story: That shortly after Gardella had gone to work he arose from his bed, and went to breakfast in a building near by. After breakfast he returned to the sleeping house, and prepared to shave himself, and that while thus engaged, he noticed a purse but a few inches from the porch, which he found contained \$145. He placed the money in his trunk and after shaving went down town and returned about 11 o'clock, and shortly afterwards was arrested. When asked about the purse and money by the sheriff Marchant told him where it was, and both purse and money were taken possession of by the officer.

We are informed that the jury stood seven for acquittal and five for conviction.

Fire at Granite Station.

Last Sunday evening at about 9 o'clock quite a conflagration occurred at Granite Station, which resulted in an entire loss of the Spear property.

It appears to have been the work of an incendiary. The upper story of one building was used as dwelling apartments while the first story was used as a saloon and storeroom. Across the road there was another building, the upper story of which was a hall while the lower story was used as a stable. Several sheds adjoined the building. The two buildings were about 200 feet apart with a road between them, but, nevertheless, fire was discovered in each at or about the same time, showing that it was maliciously set afire.

The property was insured in the Scottish and National Insurance Company.

SUPERIOR COURT.

People vs S. A. Marchant—Charged with grand larceny before the following jury: M. Isaacs, J. A. Phillips, G. A. Upton, W. Bristol, Chas. Henderson, S. Bloom, C. M. Kelley, N. E. Wheeler, J. D. Mason, Oscar Myers, E. Merkel, H. Harris. The jury disagreed.

John Reik vs M. E. Whelan—Trial had. Deceit granted.

S. J. Hocking vs A. J. Hocking—Trial had. Decree of divorce granted.

W. E. Kent vs R. H. Smith—Trial had and judgment rendered for plaintiff.

S. G. Spagnoli et al vs Geo. A. Gritton—Action to recover certain sum of money.

P. E. Heffeman vs C. E. Heffeman—Action for divorce.

M. Cabarubia vs B. Cabarubia—Action for divorce.

Matter of the application of Chas. Murphy for a writ of habeas corpus. Hearing set for Nov. 14th. Chas. Murphy being an inmate of the Prison School.

Estate of Maria C. Biasotti—Order appointing administrator.

Estate of Frederick Werner—Order confirming sale of personal property and authorizing compromise of debt. Order to rent properties. Order settling final account of special administrator and discharge. Order confirming sale of real estate to W. F. Peter.

Estate of Lydia Stacy—Final discharge of administrator.

Guardianship of Geo. E. West—Order discharging guardian.

Estate of Clement Satterley—Order to show cause why sale of real estate should not be made. Set for Dec. 17th.

Matter of the life estate of Sophia Whitte—Decree showing that life estate has terminated.

Counted the Votes.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors held Monday, Nov. 12, 1900, the following proceedings were had:

Roll call—Present, A. B. McLaughlin, chairman, P. Dwyer, J. T. Clifton, M. Brinn, Fred B. LeMoin.

The Board then proceeded to canvass the election returns of Amador county. Fred L. Stewart receiving the greatest number of votes is declared elected Member of the Assembly for the Fifteenth Assembly District.

M. Newman declared elected Supervisor of Township One.

W. S. Amick declared elected Supervisor of Township Two.

E. B. Moore declared elected Supervisor of Township Four.

Clerk instructed to issue the necessary certificates.

Another Election Bet.

One of Jackson's young business men not only lost a gold coin on the result of the election, but lost a singular bet. The young man was an ardent supporter of the Democratic candidate for President, and was so sure of Bryan's election that he made this bet: That if Bryan was defeated he would stand on the Main street of Jackson, and wear a card upon his back upon which should be written "kick me." He lost, but the person with whom he made the bet is rather doubtful as to whether the agreement was carried out. The young man claims that he stood upon the street as agreed, and that only one or two Republicans passed him at the time and they did not notice him. Several Democrats passed him but did not accept the invitation to "kick."

Formally Congratulated.

Last Sunday evening the Jackson Band and several of the prominent Democrats of this town repaired to the residence of M. Newman, Supervisor-elect of Township One, the only Democratic candidate elected in this county, and indulged in speechmaking and in congratulating the successful candidate.

Powder was discharged near town and red fire lighted up Main street for several minutes.

Delegates to Miners' Convention.

JACKSON, Nov. 12, 1900.

To the AMADOR LEDGER,
Dear Sirs:—The following gentlemen have been appointed delegates to the convention of "The California Miners' Association" which meets in San Francisco, Nov. 19, 1900.

W. H. Storms, J. E. Dye, A. Caminetti, H. W. Tangeman, P. C. Buffington, A. B. McLaughlin, J. F. Parks, J. R. Tregloan, John Ross, Jr., C. E. Furrington, E. S. Barney, R. C. Rust, S. R. Porter, James Meehan, John Davis, W. A. Newcum, E. C. Voorheis, Fred LeMoin, S. K. Thornton, A. J. Crane, W. A. Pritchard, W. R. Thomas, W. J. McGee, J. L. Bentley, Henry Eudey, Capt. Derby, Henry Calkins, E. C. Rust, M. Brinn, E. B. Moore, C. R. Downs, John Graham, Frank Frates, John Truscott, John M. Wright, M. Newman.

Yours Respectfully,
J. F. PARKS.

President Amador Co. Miners' Assoc.

Was Elected.

We learn with pleasure that our former townswman, Ed. B. Moore, was elected Supervisor in the Sutter Creek district at the recent election. Ed. will make a good officer, and we congratulate not only him but the people of Amador on his election.—Prospect.

Life Imprisonment.

Judge R. C. Rust returned from Sacramento last Sunday evening. On Saturday he sentenced Martin Westlake to life imprisonment at Folsom for the murder of R. R. Watts at Sacramento in December last.

Ione flour is Peerless. 6-22-tf
P. Holtz is having a fine residence built on one of the Staal blocks.

Absolutely the best in the market—Ione flour. 8-24-tf

Congressman-elect Woods and Thomas Cunningham returned to Stockton, Sunday.

Do not forget the Big Sale at the Red Front will continue one week longer. 10-16-tf

The Mother Lode Band of Jackson, that has recently been organized, are doing nicely. Several new horns have been ordered.

DISSUADED FROM SUICIDE.

The Convincing Argument a Parson Used With Telling Effect.

"An Arkansas country store keeper of my acquaintance had a bad attack of melancholy about a year ago," said a New Orleans drummer, "and attempted to commit suicide. He put a pistol to his head and pulled the trigger, but the cartridge failed to explode, and before he could try it again the weapon was taken away. However, he swore he would do the deed the first chance he got, and he was no doubt really of that intention when he was talked out of it by a little itinerant preacher who was a reformed gambler. The argument used by the parson was so peculiar and ingenious that it made a deep impression on my mind. 'You know you would be a dead man,' he said as nearly as I can remember, 'if it wasn't for the fact that there is a defective cartridge under the hammer of your revolver. Now, a defective cartridge is a very unusual thing,' he went on. 'They calculate at the manufactory that there is possibly one to the quarter million turned out. The chance of that bad cartridge being in the boxful that you bought for your gun was not over one to another quarter million. The chance of your getting hold of it when you loaded was exactly 1 to 50, and the chance of it being under the hammer was 1 to 5. That makes the total odds 1 to 500,000.'"

"At that point the little preacher suddenly straightened up, his eyes flashed fire, his chest expanded, and he shook his forefinger under the storekeeper's nose. 'You miserable sinner,' he roared, 'do you imagine for a minute that the Lord would have given you that kind of odds and let you win out on the play if he hadn't got some good and special use for your life? Don't let me ever hear of you trying to block him again!'"

"The would-be suicide thought the thing over and concluded that the parson was right. His melancholy promptly disappeared, and the last time I saw him he was bubbling over with cheerfulness. He believes firmly he is a man of destiny."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ALL HONOR TO PARSLEY.

Curious Folklore and History Concerning This Common Herb.

Some quaint ideas have hovered around that familiar garden herb and dish, parsley. In England, Devonshire folk declare that parsley must never be transplanted or great evil will follow. Suffolk people say it will not come up double unless sown on Good Friday—a notion that experiments might surely soon have disproved—while ancient dwellers in Hampshire steadfastly refuse to give any parsley away. Ask them for roses, lilies, fruit or rare vegetables, and basket-fuls will be gladly bestowed on you, but request a few sprigs of parsley and you will be told, with a solemn shaking of heads, "No, we never pick parsley for any one, unless it's paid for!"

The great historian Plutarch relates an interesting anecdote on the subject of this herb. Timoleon was leading an army against the Carthaginians. "But as he was ascending a hill from the top of which the enemy's camp and all their vast forces would be in sight, he met some mules laden with parsley, and his men took it into their heads that it was a bad omen because we usually crown the sepulcher with parsley, and thence came the proverb with regard to one that is dangerously ill. 'Such a one has need of nothing but parsley.' To deliver them from this superstition and to remove the panic Timoleon ordered the troops to halt, and making a speech suitable to the occasion, observed among other things that crowns were brought them before the victory and offered themselves of their own accord. For the Corinthians from all antiquity have looked upon a wreath of parsley as sacred, crowning the victors with it at the Isthmian games." The general then crowned himself and all his officers with parsley wreaths, and led his men to battle, their fears conquered, the result being a decisive victory.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Measuring Medicines.
A teaspoonful is just one dram; a dessertspoonful, two drams; a tablespoonful, four drams.

In mixing or administering drugs of any sort quantities should be carefully measured in a medicine glass, for then one may be quite sure of the amount given, which is quite impossible to be if one uses spoons, for these vary in size according to fashion.

When measuring medicine, it is best to stand the glass on the table, for if one holds it in the hand one may easily hold it crookedly, and thus inadvertently pour out a larger or smaller amount than is prescribed by the doctor. In some cases errors of this kind might be mischievous in effect.

A Remarkable Railroad.
One of the most remarkable railroads in the United States is that which runs from Fabian, at the foot of Mount Washington, to the summit—a distance of 3.38 miles. The time required in making the ascent is one and one-half hours, which is at the rate of a mile in 27 minutes. The descent is made in the same time. The fare is \$4 for the round trip, or at the rate of 90 cents a mile. No other road in the world charges quite so much and few run trains at a speed quite so slow. About 6,000 passengers are carried annually.

Little Lucy's Prayer.
One evening little Lucy knelt to pray her evening prayer. Her little heart was bursting with self satisfaction—she had done so exemplarily all through the day. "O Lord," she said, "make me very good, even better than I am." Many an older person thinks this prayer if he does not dare to put it into words.—Oswego Times.

Her Reply.
The Husband (sighing): You ought to know better how to use money. The Wife (sweetly):—Perhaps I could learn if I had a little more to practice with.—Puck.

Sure Enough.
A busy merchant who had not taken a vacation for years, in which time every other member of his family had enjoyed an annual outing, concluded to give himself a rest of a week or two and started for the mountains.

When about a day's journey from home, he received a telegram from his wife to this effect:

DEAR FRANK—Our house was entirely destroyed by fire last night. The children and I escaped unhurt. Come home at once. MARY.

To this, after reflecting a moment, he replied as follows:

DEAR MARY—What is the use of coming home when there is no home to come to? Take the children to mother's, stay with them till I join you and don't worry. Affectionately, FRANK.

—Youth's Companion.

Clay's First Speech.
Henry Clay as a young man was extremely bashful, although he possessed uncommon brightness of intellect and fascinating address, without effort making the little he knew pass for much more. In the early part of his career he settled in Lexington, Va., where he found the society most congenial, though the clients seemed somewhat recalcitrant to the young lawyer. He joined a debating society at length, but for several meetings he remained a silent listener.

One evening, after a lengthy debate, the subject was being put to a vote, when Clay was heard to observe softly to a friend that the matter in question was by no means exhausted. He was at once asked to speak and after some hesitation rose to his feet. Finding himself thus unexpectedly confronted by an audience, he was covered with confusion and began, as he had frequently done in impromptu appeals to the court, "Gentlemen of the jury."

A titter that ran through the audience only served to heighten his embarrassment, and the obnoxious phrase fell from his lips again. Then he gathered himself together and launched into a peroration so brilliantly lucid and impassioned that it carried the house by storm and laid the cornerstone to his future greatness, his first case coming to him as a result of this speech, which some consider the finest he ever made.—Collier's Weekly.

Odd Ideas of Providence.
The temperance lecturer, John B. Gough, had occasion in one of his addresses to refer to the indiscriminate and arbitrary yet consoling doctrine of Providence. He said: "Some people have strange ideas on this matter. Once when a ship was in danger a lady went to the captain in great distress. 'We must trust in Providence, madam,' said he. 'Goodness gracious, is it as bad as that?' she cried."

"A washerwoman had her little shawl burned down. She stood before the wreck and, lifting her eyes to heaven and shaking her fist, exclaimed, 'You see if I don't work on Sundays to pay for that!'"

"In the fifth of Forth a vessel struck on a rock, and a tug was drawing near to the rescue. A boy, much alarmed, was clinging to his mother. She said, 'Mustn't you trust in Providence, Jamie?' 'I will, mother, as soon as I get into that other boat.'"

"In New York a Dutchman with a companion went into Delmonico's to get lunch. They were charged \$6. One of the men began to swear, as he thought the charges excessive. 'Don't you swear,' said the other. 'Providence has punished that man Delmonico very badly already.' 'How is that?' 'How has he punished him?' 'Why, I've got my pockets full of his forks and spoons.'"

—Kansas City Independent.

Etiquette in 1924.
Here is a curious extract from the court regulations of the Hofburg for the year 1924 on the etiquette to be observed by officers when invited to the royal table. The regulation begins by stating that officers usually behave with great politeness and good breeding, like true and worthy courtiers, but that the emperor thinks it necessary to issue the following directions for the use of inexperienced cadets:

"1. Officers should come to the palace handsomely dressed and not enter the room in a half-drunken state.

"2. When they are at table, they should not rock about on their chairs nor sit back and stretch out their legs.

"3. They should not drink after each mouthful, as by so doing they will very soon get drunk, nor drink more than half a glass at a time, and before drinking they should wipe their lips and moustaches.

"4. They should not put their hands in the dishes nor throw bones under the table.

"5. They should not lick their fingers nor drink so brutally as to fall off their chairs."

Tit For Tat.
A celebrated but very vain and overbearing French painter in Paris had a pet dog that was taken ill, and he had the audacity to send for one of the leading physicians in the capital, on the assumption that a veterinary surgeon was not good enough for the valuable dog of so great a personage as himself.

The physician who had been honored with the summons was at first petrified at the impudence of the notion, but soon recovered his equanimity and returned the following message to the knight of the brush:

"Would M. M.—be good enough to step over to my house, as I have a couple of new window shutters that want painting?"

Mount Marcy.
Mount Marcy, the highest mountain in the Adirondacks, is very money, with volcanic tendency. This mountain is one of the curiosities of the Adirondack section, and it is said to be the first mountain in the world to have received the cooling breezes after the chaos period, and to this fact is attributed the continued salubrity of the air and general healthfulness of the Adirondack mountains.

His Guarantee.
"Gee whiz! That blamed watch is stopped again! What an awful liar that jeweler is! What an awful liar that jeweler is!"

"What's the matter?"

"I left the thing for him to fix. He charged me \$2 and said it would work like a charm now."

"Well, he doubtless meant a watch charm."—Philadelphia Press.

Snakes of all sizes abound in the Sumatra jungles. Monster lizards are there, measuring six and seven feet. The house lizard is about 12 inches long and makes a noise like the bark of a toy terrier.

The Lie Eternal.
A little girl came in her nightclothes very early in her mother one morning, saying, "Which is the worst mamma, to tell a lie or steal?" The mother replied that both were so and she couldn't tell which was worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, less you've eaten it, and if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But—and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."—New York Tribune.

So It Does.
An old gentleman when passing a little boy selling newspapers at a street corner remarked:

"Are you not afraid you will catch cold on such a wet night, my little man?"

"Oh, no," replied the boy, "selling newspapers keeps up the circulation, sir."

Not His.
The drill instructor's face turned scarlet with rage as he rated a raw Irish recruit for his awkwardness.

"Now, Rafferty, you'll spoil the line with those feet. Draw them back instantly, man, and get them in line!"

Rafferty's dignity was hurt.

"Plase, sargeint," he drawled solemnly, "they're not mine; they're Mickey Doolan's, in the rear rank!"

A Green Hand.
He was a new freight handler.

"Load those barrels in that car," ordered the freight agent.

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HOW TURKS EAT.

They Use No Tables, Chairs, Knives, Forks or Plates.

The Turks use no tables in their homes, and chairs are unknown, says London Answers. Instead there is a huge wooden frame built in the middle of the room, about 18 inches high, and when the family assembles to dine cushions are brought, placed upon the frame, and on these the members seat themselves, "tailor fashion," forming a circle around a large tray which occupies the center.

The tray is a very large wooden, plated or silver affair, according to the social and financial condition of the family, and thereon is deposited a capacious bowl. About it are ranged saucers of sliced cheese, anchovies, olives and sweetmeats of all sorts. Interspersed with these are goblets of sherbet, pieces of hot unleavened bread and a number of boxwood spoons, with which to drink the soup.

Knives, forks and plates do not figure in the service, but each one has a napkin spread upon his knees, and everyone, armed with a spoon, helps himself.

When this is consumed, the bowl is borne away, and another great dish takes its place. This time it is a conglomeration of substantial, all stewed up together, such as mutton, game or poultry. The mess has been divided by the cook into small portions, which are dipped up with the aid of a spoon or with the fingers.

For the host to fish out of the mess a wing or leg of a fowl and present it to a guest is considered a great compliment, and for a Turk of high degree to roll a morsel between his fingers and then put it into the mouth of a visitor is looked upon as the height of favor and good manners.

A Dye Wanted.

Our consul in Birmingham says that several years ago one of the Barbers, of threadmaking fame, told him that the discoverer of a fast black dye for linen thread could command his own price. Examine the thread holding the buttons in men's clothing, and you will see that after a short time the black disappears, and even new linen thread has no sufficient depth of color. It is impossible to find in the English shops men's black cotton socks with tops at all elastic. The fast black dye for cotton was the discovery of an English chemist. English hose manufacturers would not at first buy his secret, but the Germans did and built up a trade all over the world.—New York Times.

Mutual Recognition.

"Bless my soul!" explained the man with the iron gray beard, cordially extending his hand. "Ain't you the tow-headed boy that used to worry the life out of me 25 years ago, back in old Chemung county, by climbing my orchard fence and stealing my apples?"

"If you're the infernally mean and stingy old lunk who owned that orchard and used to set your dog on any boy who came within half a mile of it, I am," replied the younger man, grasping the proffered hand and shaking it heartily.—Chicago Tribune.

To Be Concise.

"Young man," said the editor to the budding journalist who brought him a column story which could have been told better in ten lines, "when a man discovers his house is ablaze he doesn't go to the window and tell the passers-by that 'half an hour ago what threatened to be a terrible conflagration broke out in the upper story of the palatial mansion occupied by Mr. Jeremiah Dickens.' He simply rushes to the front and shouts 'Fire! Be concise, young man.'"

NO TIME FOR FRIENDSHIP.

That Old Fashioned Quality Is Said to Be Out of Date.

Friendship is said to be out of date. We certainly have not much time to spare nowadays, even to reflect on what the rush and hurry and bustle of modern life are costing us. Now and again, however, there is a lull in upon us the sad realization of the losses we sustain as we tear and scramble through what we now call life. And is not one of these the power of establishing close friendships?

It is a sad reflection, but the more we think of it the truer we shall find it to be, that we no longer have time to knit together those bonds of true friendship and affection which bound with iron and steel the hearts of men and made life sweet to those who were together.

We are always in a hurry, rushing here and there. We meet and know many people in crowds and yet never have time to understand them, to give them or gain from them sympathy. We can scarcely spare an hour that is unconnected with some form of entertainment or some business matter to those we call our closest friends.

Letter writing has been reduced to its least common denominator as time presses on us heavily, and we have no persons that we can share with our so-called friends that enable us to study each other's characters. Friendship, in fact, has become a mere term of the general run of people.—Chicago Record.

The Funniest Story?

Sir Wilfrid Lister once said that he considered the following the funniest story in the world. Do you agree with him?

A gentleman was once being taken over an idiot asylum. He asked an attendant how they knew when an idiot was considered to be sufficiently restored to sanity to be discharged.

"Oh," said the attendant, "it is easily managed. We take them into a yard where there are several troughs. We turn on the taps and then give the idiot buckets to bail out the water and empty the troughs. Many of them go on bailing away while the tap keeps running, but them that isn't idiots stops the tap."

Not His.

The drill instructor's face turned scarlet with rage as he rated a raw Irish recruit for his awkwardness.

"Now, Rafferty, you'll spoil the line with those feet. Draw them back instantly, man, and get them in line!"

Rafferty's dignity was hurt.

"Plase, sargeint," he drawled solemnly, "they're not mine; they're Mickey Doolan's, in the rear rank!"

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MADE HER FORTUNE.

Boarding House Steaks That Grew Tender Under a Four-Ton Hammer.

"Speaking of luck," said a reminiscence man, "reminds me of how fortune came to a boarding house keeper in a mill town where I once lived. There came to the house when he first struck or seemed at first just like any other young man with a good appetite, out of whom the profit to be made was likely to be small, but it was specially discovered that he was a man of ability and promise, and was likely to get on at the mill. He made great progress at the works. It wasn't long before he was at the head of the section of the forge department there, the boss, in fact, of the four ton hammers.

As far as he was concerned the only thing that marred his happiness was the toughness of the steaks they had to cook at the boarding house, and that they took a seat and wait for him. But he was equal to the occasion there as he had proved himself to be at the mill.

"Madam," he said one day to the landlady, "if you will let me take the steaks you buy before you cook them I will make them just as tender as can be without any cost to you whatsoever."

"Now, he had paid his board regularly, and he was at that moment actually the star boarder. The landlady handed him the next morning without hesitation the bundle of steaks just as it came from the butcher, and the hammer boss just took 'em over to the mill, this being before the regular starting time in the morning, and adjusting one of the four ton hammers to about the right gauge, started it up and ran the steaks a couple of times under the hammer.

"Good? Why, they were just simply beautiful, and every morning after that the genial hammer boss used to run across to the mill before breakfast and get the steaks for the boarding house, and forth once under the four ton hammer. The fame of the landlady's tender steaks grew rapidly, as did also, naturally, the number of her boarders. And so she accumulated wealth."—New York Sun.

Proved.
He—Do you think your father has any idea that we are in love?
She—Not the remotest. He told me he didn't mind your coming to see me.

In a Safe Place.
Among his trusted and efficient attaches in the office of the street railway headquarters is one Millikin. He also has a partnership interest in a north side grocery. After keeping cases on wheels and their operators each day Mr. Millikin waits on customers at the grocery store. Saturday night is usually a busy one, and of course everything is done in a hurry. This probably accounts for a slight oversight of Mr. Millikin in filling an order for a little girl who came into the store as the clock hearted Millikin was about to close the doors.

"Miss Millikin, my mamma sent me a quarter's worth of mul-las-siz," said the child.

"I might little girl. Let's have your basket," said the genial clerk.

With this the little lady handed over a good sized tin bucket. Mr. Millikin disappeared among some barrels, and after considerable grinding he reappeared.

"There's a big measure, little girl. Do you think you can carry it?"

"Yes, sir," said the maiden as she started toward the door.

"Little girl, where's your money?" said Millikin as he followed up his customer.

"In the bucket, Mr. Millikin," naïvely replied the child.—Columbus Dispatch.

From Bad to Worse.
A gentleman was adding his pillow to the other afternoon, when he heard a curious "thud" and saw one of his trousers drop from a window sill to the street.

"Trousers!" he called out, and the gentleman was just in time to see a small boy in the lane drop a cap and run.

After a short chase the culprit was caught.

"You young scoundrel!" ejaculated the angry owner of the pigeon. "What do you mean by coming and shooting my birds?"

"Please, sir, I didn't mean to do it," whined the captive. "I—I didn't shoot at the pigeon."

"Come, come," said the gentleman, "don't make matters worse. I saw the bird fall, and if you did not aim at it how came you to hit it?"

"Please, sir," blubbered the boy. "The pigeon got in the way. I—I was aiming at the window."—London Tit-Bits.

An Inference.